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# LETTER

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Troutblewater (S.)

*Achitophel Boutefeu, Esq;*

Concerning the

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Education of his Two Sons,

HARRY *and* WILLIAM.

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*Cereus in vitium flecti. - - -*

H O R

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LETTER

TO

Archibald Bonser, Esq.

Containing the

Education of his Two Sons

HARRY WILLIAM



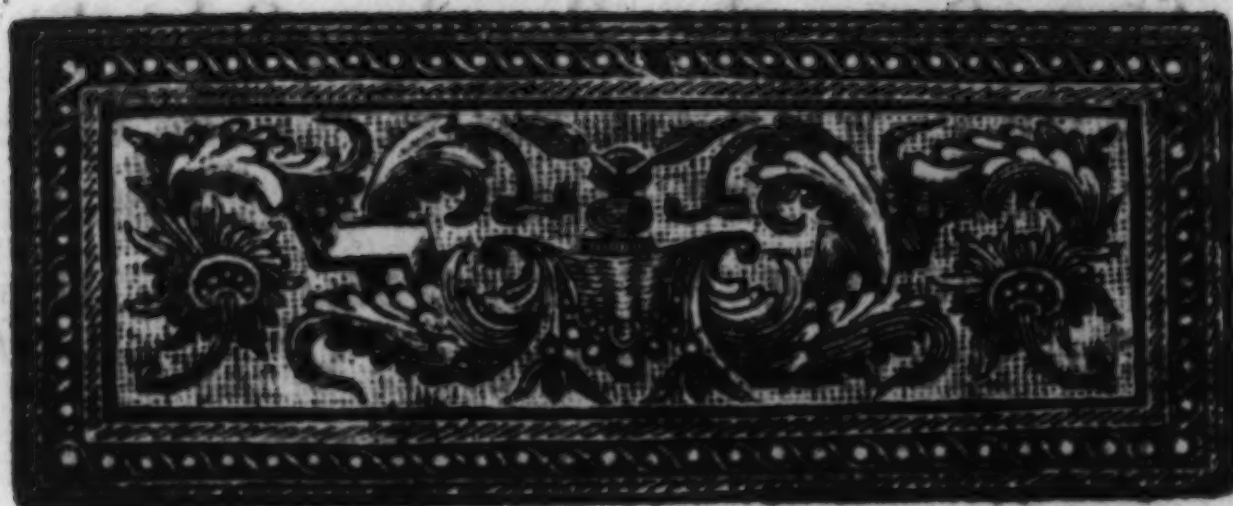
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No. 2.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXII.





*Honour'd Sir,*



**S** you are pleas'd to consult me about the Education of Master *Harry* and *William*, whom you have lately committed to the Care of that consummate Politician Mr. *Danvers*; I shall point out a Track, which if their said Tutor can keep the Children steddy in, I dare answer they will not disgrace your Blood; but turn out worthy *Boutefeus*, fit to carry Arms one Day, under their Illustrious God-fathers, and Kinsmen.

Nothing



Nothing flatters me with greater hopes of their coming to good than the Reason you give for taking them so soon from the Boarding-School; where they were eternally, it seems, either exciting the other Boys to Mutiny, or setting Mr. *Flogwell* and his Wife by the Ears together. Why may not the same factious Spirit which begins its Career by Cabals against Pedagogues, proceed to set Civil Divisions going forwards at Five and Twenty or Thirty; and at Fifty, bid fair for the Overthrow of a Commonwealth? *Est quoddam prodire tenus*, says the Proverb: The Snakes that *Hercules* strangled in his Cradle were a Prelude to his twelve Labours; and *Romulus* practis'd upon the Highway, before he stole the Crown from his Unkle, or carry'd off the *Sabine* Women.

As from the Sympathy there is between the Body and the Soul, it follows that the Nourishment of the one cannot but have a great Influence upon the Operations of the other; it stands you in hand to be particularly careful in the choice of their Food, which must have all the Qualities requisite to keep  
the



the Blood upon the Fret, and give large Supplies to the Bilious Humours. Pickles, and Acids of all kinds, must undoubtedly be good: *Galen* says, a Cat's Liver is a vast Incentive to Sedition: But as this is not very *Ragoutant* of it self, let your new Cook (who I am told is a *Corfican*) mince it very small, and so serve it up unknown to the Boys, in all their Sauces and Forc'd-meats.

Their constant Breakfast, upon their Theme and Composition Days, should be a Porringer of Viper Soupe; not made the common way, for that is only good in Hectick Cases; but let the Reptile's Head (the true Seat of the Malignance) be thrown into the Pot as well as the Body: 'Tis a Jest to think it will hurt the Boys, provided the Cook does not make the Broth too strong at first: Custom, at that tender Age especially, is a second Nature. *Mithridates*, who was the Grand *Boutefeu* of his time, brought himself from beginning with Hemlock Tea, to swallow Antimony, as a *Frenchman* does Garlick, and to eat nothing at least but what was seasoned with Arsenick.

*Pliny*



Pliny says, the Birds or Beasts that Children play with or delight in most, are apt to transfuse something of their own Nature into them ; a *je ne scay quoy* that blends with the Mass of Blood, and disposes them in their after-Life to good or evil. It may not be amiss therefore to look out for the Boys such Harlequin Dogs, or Dutch Mastiffs, (for Spaniels are a Species too inoffensive) as have given Proofs of their Ill Condition by Snapping and Barking at Folks. I would further propose a little sort of *Menagerie* that should be stock'd, not with Doves, Turtles, Rabbits, Fawns, Guinea-pigs, and other such quiet, unmeaning Animals ; but with such as are of known Petulance, Envy, Malice and Design ; as Magpies, Jackdaws, Robin-redbreasts, Ruffs and Reeves, Rats, Monkeys, Foxes, Porcupines, and Cat-a-Mountains. A Squirrel is no bad Pocket Companion ; and a Snake, provided his Teeth are pull'd out, (which you may do with a piece of Woollen) a most influencing Bedfellow. For to say nothing of our Grandmother Eve, what was it turn'd *Olympias* from a Patient *Grizel* into such a Termagant Scold, (as King *Philip* experienc'd to his



his Sorrow) but one Night's Conversation with a Male-Dragon that had slept in between her Sheets?

But that there is somewhat so nauseously shocking in the squat Exterior of the Creature (which Antipathy, by the way, may be easily overcome) a live Toad would be an excellent *Vade-Mecum*. This one Animal, *Ælian* says, has more Spite in it than all the Serpent Kind put together; and *Milton*, I am persuaded, (with *Dr. Bentley's* Leave) was aware of this malevolent Property, when he introduces his Devil into *Eden* for the first time, disguised like a *French Pigeon, à la Crapaudine*.

It will be expedient, Sir, to indulge them in the frequent Diversion of Bear-Gardens, Prize-Fightings, Cock-Matches, and Mob-Rings in *Lincoln's-Inn*, or *Totbill Fields*. All these noisy and contentious Scenes have their *Boutefeus* in low Life; and a Boy of Parts, by observing from what small Seeds Mutiny works itself up, may, (in his own little way of reasoning) draw very instructive Corollaries, which will facilitate hereafter his

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Anarchical Schemes. I would moreover recommend a Course of Water Language, under some able Sculler; and now and then an edifying Trip to *Bilingsgate*, where much is to be learnt in this way from the Tongue-Pads of t'other Sex: Miss *Betty* and *Molly Boutefeu* should at such Times be of the Party; and Mr. *Danvers* may give his little Caravan the Pastime of seeing a **L O B S T E R** roasted alive at the **G U N**-Tavern; which, I warrant them, they will fall to with a good Stomach.

The Royal Repositories in *Westminster* Abby will yield the Children a pleasing Spectacle, and inspire them with an early Contempt for living Monarchs, by giving them an Opportunity of treading upon dead ones. They should likewise never pass the *Tower*, either by Land or Water, without calling in to see the **C R O W N**; by which Means the Awe which that Bauble may strike them with at first, will quite vanish in time: And if the old Woman that shews it should happen not to see clear, then they may spit at or pelt it with Paper-Pellets through



through the Wires, in order to improve their Disrespect. But I would have them, of all things, avoid a certain long Room that's called the *Armoury*, which has a peculiar Virtue in it, of throwing a *Boutefeu* into a Shaking Fit.

A Tutor of my Friend *Caleb's* known Zeal, will, doubtless, of his own accord, take his Pupils to Church when Dr. *Firebrand*, or any other Divine of your Family, mounts the Pulpit ; *cela va sans dire* : But I would also carry them, were I in his Place, to every Stage-Performance in which the Poet does Justice to the Incendiary Character.

Nay, Sir, as you intend them for Senators, and consequently for Spokesmen, it would be well judg'd to form them into Actors as early as possible. We have in that case so many proper Plays, that 'twould be superfluous to point them out. As your own Children have a Right to the Top Parts, so 'twill be no hard Matter to fill up the rest among such a Multitude of He and She Cousins. *Harry*, who over and



above an happy Tendency to Mischief (particularly Treason) has all the Debauchee Symptoms imaginable, would shine away in a *Catiline*, or a Duke of *Guise*; and *Jago*, or *Syphax* would hit *Will* to a T; his Talent lying chiefly at fomenting Jealousies between Friends, and undermining Subordinates with their Superiors. In the meanwhile, to keep them in a constant Exercise of Rhetorick, Mr. *Danvers* will do well to set them, by way of Theme, certain *Axioms* and *Postulata*, out of *Hobbes*, *Machiavel*, or his own *Craftsmen*. As for Example, *Able and faithful Ministers are Eye-Sores to the Boutefeus, and consequently to be removed — All Securities for the Prince's Person are Burthens upon the Subject — The Restraint of any Insolence to higher Powers is a Breach of Liberty and Property, &c.* Let them also, for Variety's sake, exert themselves now and then, in declaiming upon proper Historical Subjects, which will yield them great Scope on the one hand for abusing these troublesome Fellows the *STANDEASTS* (the ancient Enemies of your House); and on the other, for extolling the Merits of their own Predecessors.

It



It is my humble Opinion, Sir, that in the minutest Trifles you ought to have your Eye steddily fixt upon the *Incendiary* Principle; the establishing of which is the great End you propose in the Education of your Children. Throw away therefore, I advise you, their Tops, Giggs, and Hobby-Horses, and study them out such Pastimes only as will best cultivate the said Principle, and keep their Gall from stagnating. There are an hundred *Petites malices* Mr. *Danvers* may indulge them in without any risque: For instance, when they meet an Equal with a better Coat to his Back than themselves, let them tread upon his Toes, or set the Link-boys underhand to bespatter him with Dirt. They may likewise strew Peas upon the Staircases to pitch Folks upon their Noses; put Cowidge or Horse-hair into the Maids Beds; whip false Weights into the Scales of Grocers and Chandlers, in order to have them fin'd, or get their Windows broke; or they may steal a *King* out of a Chess-board, to perplex a poor Coffee-man. There will be no harm (provided you are appris'd of it yourself beforehand) in suffering



suffering them to cry out *Fire* or *Thieves* now and then in the Night, on purpose to alarm the Neighbourhood. This will be best tim'd when there is any Man near you laid up with the Gout, or any Woman in Labour.

I think I would not discourage a few little Waggeries against Mr. *Danvers* himself; but these should never go farther than oversetting his Inkhorn, whipping the Chair from under him when he is setting down to Dinner; or mixing up a little Gunpowder with his Tobacco. Any higher degree of Archness should be severely punish'd; not that the thing is of much Significance *quoad hunc*, but because you yourself are *Proximus Ucalegon*, or in plain English, next Oars.

A *Magick Lantborn* is a Pastime I would allow them often; and this not in the common Way, but I would contrive in the inside of it, instead of the usual Representations, a pack of the strangest Monsters, and Hobgoblins that CALOT's Hell could furnish me with; these should be call'd *Publick Debts*, *Corrupt Senates*, *Standing Armies*, *Per-*  
nicious



*nicious Treaties, Duties upon Salt, &c.* When the Machine is in readinefs, the Jeft would be to invite in two or three Country Putts, and as many old Women ; then to fhut the Doors, darken the Room, and let the *Lanthornift* play his Diabolical Shadows againft the oppofite Wall. I leave you to judge what a Panick this would throw the poor Folks into ; how big they would run with it to their refpective Homes ; and how the ftrange Vifions would fpread about the next Day like Wild-fire, to the infinite diversion of you and yours. A thoufand fuch pretty Arts might be taught them out of *Cornelius Agrippa*, or the Manuscripts of the late incomparable Juggler Mr. *Fawks*. I would alfo have them inftructed by the learned *Hawksbee* how to ufe that wonderful Chymical preparation call'd the *Phosphorus*, by the means of which any *Bullybow* Words (in the Nature of MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN) may be writ in flaming Characters on the infide of Bed-Curtains, to the infinite Confternation of the weak Brother or Sifter for whom the Bugbear is intended.

I have



I have read of one Doctor *Foreman*, (in a former Reign, Servant to some of your Ancestors;) who had contriv'd a certain Talismanical Image of Wax, the racking of which by Fire or otherwise, operated by Sympathy upon the *Eyesore* that was design'd to be tortur'd in reality. The *Wrong-heads* of those Days hang'd this great Genius, and so the Art was lost; or else what a pretty *Jeu d'Enfant*, would this have been for my two young Masters? However for want of the Secret in which the *Attic Salt*, or true Joke of the thing consisted, I think there would be a good deal of Satisfaction in the Mock-Barbarity it self; just as the Shrovetide Custom of throwing at Cocks, was originally meant to keep up the old *English* Inveteracy against *France*, which was then express'd by these Words *Percute Gallum*. The Figure which *Harry* and *Will* should apply their Card-matches to or stick their Pins in, might have a *Blue Ribbon* on; an *Helm* in one hand, and a *Purse* in the other. I can't tell you my Reason why; but in *Hamlet's* Words,



Words, it is *Meeching Malicho*, and means *Mischief*.

To let the Boys walk upon Stilts, climb up Trees, or run up to your Leads, so they are not left to themselves at such Times, will, I think, be no bad Policy; because their Ambition will be kept upon the Wing by this Means; they will learn *Spernere humum*, and never to content themselves with low Stations of Life. If you find this tow'ring Spirit get too far a Head, and that nothing will serve them but going up to *Paul's Cupola*, or the Top of the Monument, then indeed it will be prudent to check it. There is, you know, Sir, a Family Distemper in your Line call'd the *Hypselomania*, or *Climbing-Madness*, by which many an hopeful *Boutefeu* has had the Misfortune to break his Neck: And I would not have you give Ear to some ignorant Empiricks I know in the World, who pretend to an *Arcanum* call'd *MAGNA CHARTA*, which if a Man carries about with him, he may venture, they tell you, to the very *Pico* of *Teneriff*, and not

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fear a Tumble. The Specifick us'd with Discretion is doubtless a very good one; and keeps its Virtue to a certain degree of Elevation above the Earth. If you soar beyond that, down you come, with poor *Icarus*, and all the Feather-beds in *Europe* can't save you.

There is in the World an easy, good condition'd Creature, by Name a *Swallow-gudgeon*, that has signaliz'd his Zeal for your House upon fundry Occasions: Mr. *Danvers* ought to promote, *totis viribus*, an early Intimacy between his Pupils and this Animal; for with a little *Sçavoir-faire*, he will prove a special Cats-paw to them; and, as he has a pretty thick Scull, and is fool-hardy enough into the Bargain, may ward many a Blow from their Pates, by receiving it upon his own. The *Swallow-gudgeon* is a kind of *Jubilee Dicky*, that runs away with the first Rumor of a thing (be it never so incredible.) As for instance, if you tell him that a Comet has been seen over *Arlington-Street*, or a Whale been driven ashore at *Lynn*; down he sets himself



himself to his Bureau, falls to writing, and away the News flies that very Post, to his *Correspondent in Wales*. Your Cousin *William*, Godfather to the youngest of your Sons, owing the Parson of his Parish a Grudge, for making him pay more Tithes than he car'd to do, went to Work in this manner. As he has always one of these Creatures in his Family, out he carries him to take a Walk after Supper one Moonshiny Night; and leads him industriously close by the Porch of the Vicaridge; where he had posted beforehand an arch Fellow in a white Sheet, with a piece of lighted Charcoal in his Mouth. When he had brought our Tool to a convenient distance from the Phantom, *Will* starts three Paces back on a sudden, and cries, *Mercy on me! Look yonder, Jack, I'll be hang'd if there is not some evil Spirit or other at our Parson's Door.* *Jack*, without giving himself Time to examine the Fact, takes to his Heels, with an *Ay, by G—— is there*; and runs home, roaring like a Bull all the way, *the Devil, the Devil.* What do



you think follow'd upon this? Why, the whole Village took the Alarm; and the next Morning away goes a great Posse of Parishioners with a terrible Complaint to the Bishop, telling his Lordship, forsooth, that the Parson must needs be a very wicked Liver; for *Jack* had seen the Devil stand Centry at his Door: and therefore humbly pray'd, that the said Parson might be remov'd forthwith, and a better sent in his room. The good Diocesan, who smok'd this to be a Fetch of your Cousin *Will's*, (whose hatred to the Vicar he was no Stranger to;) bid the poor People go home, and set some sturdy Fellow with an Oaken Plant, to Cudgel this Devil heartily the next time he appear'd; and he would warrant them they should never hear of him any more: Thus the Doctor sav'd his Bacon. The same ingenious Gentleman having a mind another Time to some of my Lord *Woolpack's* Deer, which the said Nobleman, to prevent their being stole, had set a strong Guard over; bethought himself of bringing his Scheme about by the Means of *Swallow-gudgeon*; and  
address'd



addresses'd him thus: *Jack*, thou art a Fellow of a good Heart, and a clear Understanding; and I know no Body living that wishes better to *Woolpack-Mannor* than thy self: Prithee open the Eyes of thy Brother Tenants, and make them sensible of the Danger they are in. What, in the Name of Wonder, are all these Game-Keepers about the Park for, now that 'tis so long since the *Waltham-Blacks* have been hang'd? What is my Lord's Drift in this, think you; but to let these Ragamuffins break into your Houses some Night or other when you are all asleep; where they will cut your Throats, plunder your Effects, and ravish your Wives and Daughters? This was more than sufficient to fright *Jack* out of his Wits: away he scours, knocks at every Tenant's Door, rings in their Ears this dismal Ditty; some pinn'd their Faith upon his Sleeve; others laugh'd at him; and the most credulous, drew up a Petition to my Lord; who convinc'd them of their Error, and of the absolute Necessity there was of setting a Guard upon his Deer: So in fine, poor *Jack* was clapp'd in the Stocks,



Stocks, for a Mischief-Maker ; where I leave him swearing like a Tinker at your Cousin *Will* for imposing upon him ; and come back again to my Purpose.

ENVY, Sir, is the Soul of *Boutefeuism* ; the *Grand Menstruum*, as I may say, without which the Furnace of Ambition might blaze, and the Bel-lows of Faction blow till Doom's-day, yet the Operator be never the Richer. *Themistocles*, who with all his great Services to *Athens* had some of your Family-Blood in him, us'd to say, that the Trophies of *Miltiades* disturb'd his Sleep : This Saying cannot be too often repeated, nor this Principle too strongly instill'd into *Harry* and *Will* ; that they may learn never to be at Rest, while they see another Boy in Possession of any Babiote, Play-thing, Tart or Custard, that is out of their own Reach : Or, should their Envy at any time want proper Objects to exert itself upon, (as such a Case may possibly happen) still let their Malice and Scandal be always kept doing, as we say, by Forgeries and  
Tales



Tales of one kind or other : As for instance ; *Mamma, your Maid Betty lies with the Coach-man. Papa, that Rogue Ralph steals half your Oats. Sister Molly, Miss Such-a-one says you have Bandy-Legs. Mr. Danvers, the World will have it that you are a Cuckold, &c.* To whip such promising Talents out of Boys and Girls, as some Parents do (just as we worm Puppies) is to nip their Virtues in the Bud, and the ready way to tame them down into that inconsiderable Thing our Neighbours call *un Bon Diable* ; and we, a *Chip in Porridge*. Publick Pests, (as the Vulgar is pleas'd to term them) that is, People endu'd with the happy Malignance I speak of, are no less useful in Politick Bodies, than Mercury, Vitriol, and other Poisons are sometimes in Human ones ; and it is therefore that *Tully* says, *Accusatores multos esse in Civitate utile est.* Mr. Danvers, I hope is so thoroughly convinc'd of this Truth, that he will never use the Rod, when he catches them in a Lye that tends to defame any Person ; nor be sparing of it on the other hand, if he finds  
the



the Boys guilty of softning, mitigating, or giving what we call a good-natur'd Turn to a Story. But then indeed I would have him lay it on with a *Busby's* Hand, if ever they are found (which I trust to his Care they never will be) speaking well of an *Equal*, or respectfully of a *Superior*.

The Thirst after *Revenge* is so congenial with a *Boutefeu*, that I had almost pass'd it in Silence; but as this Passion, upon the least Disappointment, is observ'd to play the Scorpion, and turn its own Sting upon itself, it is highly proper that Mr. *Danvers*, who is too apt to let it run away with him, should learn a *Quantum sufficit* of Moderation himself, in order to infuse it into his Pupils. It is good to mix *Water* with one's *Wine*, as the *French* say; or, in *Dryden's* Words, to methodize *Revenge*. The *Dutch* Boor, who ow'd his Neighbour a Grudge, overshot his Mark; for by boring a Hole through *Hans's* Dyke, he open'd the *Maese* a Passage to drown the whole Country, (which to be sure he never intended)



intended) and so perished himself in the common Calamity. An excellent Moral may be learn'd from this Piece of History; as well by Mr. *Danvers* as the Children under his Charge. 'Tis the Part of a prudent *Boutefeu* to hide the Snake under his Gown, with *Lucian's* Impostor; and to wait till the *Trojans* are fast asleep, before he lets his *Greeks* out of the *Wooden Horse*. He must roll the Whites of his Eyes with *Sinon*; be a thorough Adept in the great Arts of Lying, Cajoling, and Hypocrisy; and above all things know how to get (or at least to be thought to have got) into the entire Confidence of the Man he would trip up; as I have seen a cunning Boxer take his Antagonist by the Hand in token that he bears him no Ill-Will, and at the same time pitch his Head plum into his Face or Stomach. By this Means when the Blister is ripe enough to be lanc'd, whether 'tis his Adversary's Reputation or Person that's to receive the Stab, our *Boutefeu* will be enabled to carry his Point effectually, and avoid making what the Poet calls *lame Mischief*. The *Jacobin* by whom

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Henry



*Henry III. of France* was kill'd, had  
 kiss'd the Monarch's Hand, and pre-  
 sented him a Petition but a Moment  
 before; and *Lorenzino Medici*, having  
 predetermined the Death of his Kins-  
 man and Sovereign Duke *Alexander*,  
 wheedled him, under the cloak of the  
 sincerest Attachment, into his own Pa-  
 lace, where he committed the Mur-  
 der. Secrets fish'd out of People in  
 the view of undoing them, are like  
 the Poynards made use of against these  
 two Princes, who fell Victims to  
 their Over-security. For want of real  
 Secrets, in Political Cases, we must try  
 whether pretended ones won't do the  
 Jobb; for 'tis half in half upon such  
 Occasions, let me tell you, to have  
 had a previous Friendship with the  
 Person you aim your Batteries at;  
 'tis only straining your Conscience a  
 Peg or two beyond the usual Pitch,  
 & *voila l'Affaire faite*: This is, Sir,  
 (excuse if I top the *Frenchman* up-  
 on you once more) *avoir un Esprit de*  
*Diabie*; or, in *Plautus's* Words, *Colu-*  
*brino esse Ingenio*. After all, if People  
 will be so impertinently curious as not to  
 pay themselves with your *Ipse dixit*, but  
 look



look with their own Opticks into the Bottom of Things; what has a Gentleman left for it but to put on a Stoical Indifference, and affect a Contempt of his Enemy? I am sorry to say, Sir, that the STANDFASTS I have mentioned already, (especially one of that Name call'd ROBERT) have in this Point of Stoicism a remarkable Advantage over your House; and I myself have seen some of them (*horresco referens*) carry their *Sang-froid* to an unpardonable Height of Insolence. For can any thing be a greater Affront, than to tell a brave *Boutefeu*, Sir, *I know you hate, and would ruin me, but can't: I let you know, that I despise, and could ruin you, but won't?* Such a Vengeance is worth a Lake of *Nepenthe*, and a whole Arsenal of Pistols and Daggers! This seems to be *Seneca's* Opinion, when he says, *Ultionis contumeliosissimum non esse visum dignum ex quo peteretur ultio.*

I hear, to my great Concern, that many valuable Tracts which Mr. Danvers designed to publish for the use of your Sons (with the Leave of

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the learned Librarian) have perished among the *Cottonian* Manuscripts; the Titles of some of them, I am told, were these; *Godwyn Earl of Kent's Political Maxims* — *Simon of Mountfort's circular Letter to the Barons* — *Harry Hotspur's Manifesto in behalf of the Earl of March* — and *Wat Tyler's Appeal to the Londoners*. This indeed is *Damnum irreparabile*: But in order to make it up to your Sons some other way, what Sir, if I should propose a Plan of my own to you? It is, if you will go to the Expence (which certainly a Man of your Fortune ought not to grudge in such a case) to get a Series of your Family-Busts, done by some able Hand (as Mr. *Rysbrack's*, for Instance) that shall be ranged along your Gallery in Order of Time, beginning from those immortal Heroes that plagu'd *Moses* in the Wilderness, and continuing quite down to your late Cousin *Patrona*, the *Fanizary*, Author of the last *Turkish* Revolution. You will by this Means hit two Birds with one Stone, as we say; erect a lasting Monument to your Ancestors, and transmit to your Descendants a most instructive



instructive Lesson. I desire your speedy Answer, that in case you come into my Scheme, I may take upon me in my next to give the Sculptor proper Directions; and in the mean while subscribe myself,

S I R,

*Your most Obedient*

*Humble Servant,*

Shimei Troublewater.





instructive I shall I believe your  
freely Answer that in case you come  
into my School I may take upon me  
in my best to give the best pro-  
per Directions in the mean while



and most Obeying

James Vernon

Spencer Compton





